The Entertaining COMPANION:

BEING,

A Collection of all the Favourite SONGS now in Vogue, viz.

1621. e. 2

1 New fox Hunting Song,
2 Fox Hunters,
3 A Favourite Song in Midas,
4 Cuckoo's Neſt,
5 The Oxford Scholar,
6 The Turkish Lady,
7 The Happy Swain,
8 The Middleſex Farmer,
9 Amoret and Phillis,
10 The Cotillion,
11 Liberty,
12 Take me Jenny,
13 Variety is charming,
14 The Rapture,
15 The Choice,
16 Cruel Creature,
17 Ye fair poſſeſt, &c
18 Jemmy's Lamentation
19 A ſhepherd in Cluſter
20 New Spinning Wheel,
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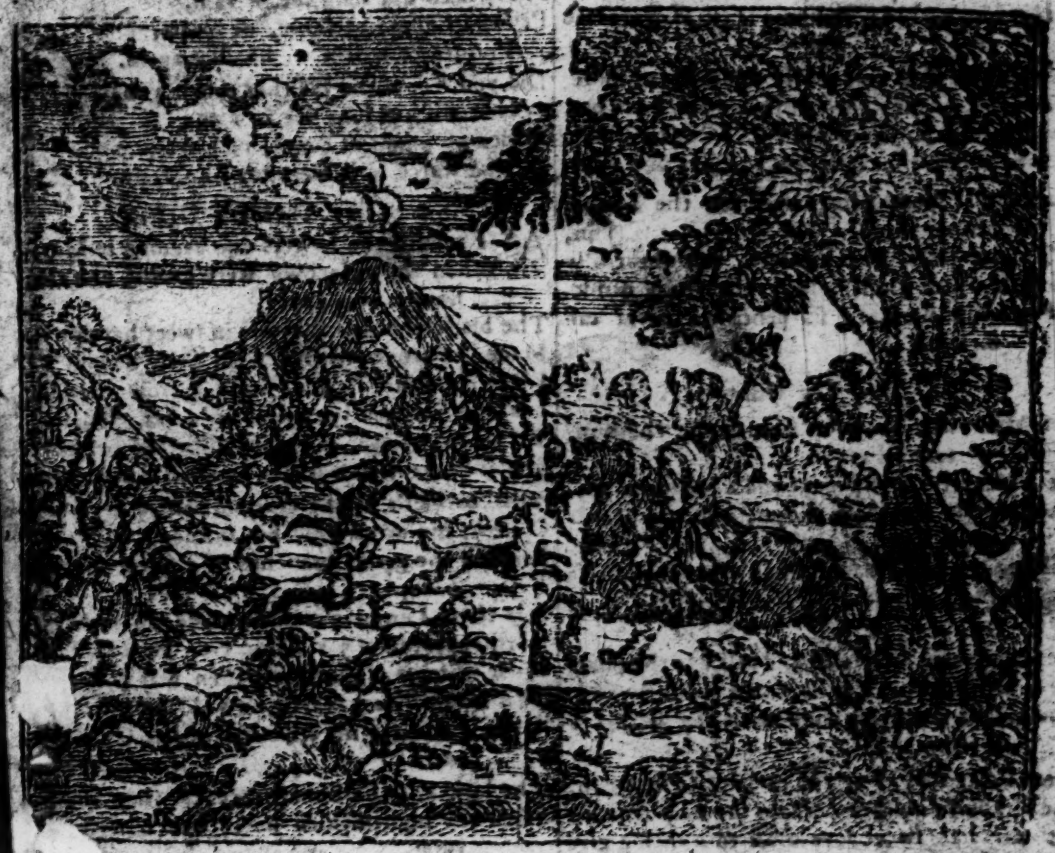
23 Rural Life,



old at Sympſon's Warehouſe, in Stonecutter Street, Fleet Market, London

The New Fox Hunting Song.

LAST Valentine's day when bright Phœbus
shone clear,
I had not been hunting for more than a year,
I clap'd spurs to black Sloven and drove up
the road, (horns to blow.
I heard the hounds to rattle and French
Hallowing to cover Old Antony cries,
No sooner he spoke but the Fox he espies,
Taleo, Taleo,
He gave the hallow, and then crack'd his whip,
Taleo was the word, and the dog lick'd his
lip.
Then up starts Dick Dawson he car'd not a pin,
He leap'd at the drain and all four tumbled
in,
And as he sprung over, he espied old Ren,
With his tongue hanging out going home
to his den,
Our hounds and our horses were always as
good, (wood,
As ever broke cover, or dash'd thro' the
But now old Reynard must certainly die,
Have at you old Antony Dick Dawson did
cry.
Our hounds they run nearly ten miles or more,
Till Old Antony curs'd damn'd and he swore,
But now old Reynard must give up the ghost
Come fill up your bumpers and give us a toast
Our day's sport being over let the French
horn's wind, (join,
To the jolly Fox-hunters, lets chearfully
So fill up your glasses, let's chearfully drink,
For while we have six-pence we never can
shrink.

2. The Fox Hunters

COME rouze brother sportsman, the hunters all cry,
We have got a strong scent and a favourite sky,
The hounds sprightly notes, and the lark's
early song, (long.
Will chide the dull sportsman for sleeping so
Bright Phœbus has shewn us the glimpse of
his face,
Peep'd in about windows and call'd to the chace
The noon will be up for his dawn wears away,
And makes the fields blush with the beams of
his ray.
Sweet Polly may tieze you perhaps to lie down,
And if you refuse her pernaps she may frown,
But tell her sweet love must to hunting give
place, (the chace.
or as wall as her charms, there are charms in

Look yonder, look yonder, old Reynard I spy,
At his brush nimbly follows brisk Chanter
and Fly, (they roll,
They seize on their prey, see his eye balls
We're in at the death, now go home to the
bowl.
There we'll fill up our glasses, and a toast to
the king,
To Wilkes and fresh loyalty let the air ring,
To George peace and glory may each heart
dispense, (hence.
And Fox hunters flourish a thousand years

A New Favourite Song. In Midas.

LOvely Nymph asswage my anguish,
At your feet a tender swain,
Prays you would not let him languish
One kind look would ease his pain.
Lovely nymph asswage my anguish,
At your feet a tender swain,
Prays you wou'd not let him languish,
One kind look wou'd ease his pain.
Did you know the lad that courts you,
He need not long sue in vain,
Prince of song, of dance, of sports,
You scarce will meet his like again.
Did you know the lad that courts you,
He need not long sue in vain,
Prince of song, of dance, of sports,
You scarce will meet his like again.

4. The Cuckoo's Nest.

AS I ranged the bowers one evening in May,
When the meadows were green, and the
flowers was gay,
The blackbirds and throshes in sweet harmony,
Made the groves to ring with their melody;
I spy'd a young damsel with sorrow oppress,
I saluted her gently, and begg'd her request,
To know what it was that disturbed her rest,
She answered, it was her Cuckoo's nest.
This damsel's bright eyes enchanted my soul,
Close in my arms I did her infold,
Beneath the green branches of a sweet myrtle
shade,
It is there I embrac'd this comely fair maid;
With raptures of joy I lean'd on her breast,
With torrents of pleasure I then was possest
This lovely sweet creature own'd herself ble.
When she heard me discourse of her Cuckoo's
nest.
The lark and the linnet in concert they sung,
With the nightingales notes the bowers all
rung,
Down by the banks of a clear river's side,
Whose sweet silver streams with gentleness
glide.

Phillis.

what you now say, your heart don't betray.
It gives me much pleasure to find,
My Ameret still a stranger to ill,
And to wedlock's soft bondage inclin'd.

Both.

With joy I'll comply, the dear nuptial tye,
To morrow both hearts shall unite;
Ye lovers so true, let virtue in you,
The same inclination excite.

10. The Cotilion.

HAIL politeness pow'r divine,
Pleas'd we bend before thy shrine,
Studious of the true bon ton,
Lovers of the Cotilion.
Hail politeness, &c.

Planting belles, and powder'd beaux,
Housewives dress't in Sunday's cloaths,
Spruce mechanicks old and young,
Learn to dance the Cotilion.

Lawyers, doctors, leave their fees,
Careful but to dance with ease;
Nimbly how they trip along,
In the charming Cotilion.

High and low, and rich and poor,
Think on humble joys no more;
All with dancing madness stung,
Doat upon the Cotilion.

Bath and Tunbridge wells adieu,
Now no more we think on you,
True politeness is our own.
Since we've learnt the Cotilion.

11. LIBERTY.

SInce ev'ry charm on earth combine,
In Chloe's face, in Chloe's mind,
Why was I born ye gods to see,
What robs me of my liberty.

Until that fatal hapless day
My life was lively blythe and Gay,
Could sport with every one but she,
Who robs me of my liberty.

Think then dear Chloe e'er too late,
That death must be my hapless fate,
If love and you do not agree,
To set my heart at liberty.

Now to the darksome woods I rove,
Reflecting on the pains of love,
And envy every clown I see,
Enjoy the sweets of liberty.

We'll follow Hymen's happy train,
And every idle care disdain,
We'll live in sweet tranquility,
Nor wish for greater liberty.

12. Take me Jenny.

SWeetest of pretty maids, let Cupid incline thee. (thee,
T'accept of a faithful heart which I now resign
Scorning all selfish ends, regardless of money,
It yields only to the girl that's generous and bonny.

Take me Jenny
Let me win you,
While I'm in the humour;
I implore you,
I adore you,
What can mortal do more,
Kiss upon't, kiss upon't, turn not so shyly,
There's my hand, there's my hand,
'Twill never beguile thee.

Bright are thy lovely eyes,
Thy sweet lips delighting,
Well polish'd thy ivory neck,
Thy round arms inviting,
Oft at the milk white churn,
With raptures I've seen them,
But oh! how I've sigh'd and
Wish'd my own arms between them;
Take me Jenny, &c.

I've store of sheep my love,
And goats on the mountain,
And water to brew good ale
From yon crystal fountain;
I've too a pretty coat,
With garden and land to't,
But all will be doubly sweet,
If you put a hand to't,
Take me Jenny, &c.

13. Variety is charming.

I Am in love with twenty, I am in love with twenty,
And could adore as many more,
For nothing's like a plenty;
Variety is charming, variety is charming,
For constancy is not for me,
So ladies you have warning.

He that has but one love, he that has but one love,
Looks as poor as any boor,
Or like a man with one glove;
Not the fine regalia, not the fine regalia,
Of Eastern kings that poets sing,
But oh! the fine seraglio.

Girls grow old and ugly, girls grow old and ugly,
And can't inspire the same desire,
As when they're young and smugly.

Why

Why has Cupid pinions, why has Cupid pinions?
If not to fly through all the sky,
And see his fav'rite minions.
Love was born of beauty, love was born of beauty,
And when she goes the urchin knows,
To follow is his duty.

14. The RAPTURE.

WHile on thy dear bosom lying,
Celia woo can speak my bliss,
Who the rapture I'm enjoying,
When thy balmy lips I kiss.
Every look with love inspires me,
Every touch my bosom warms,
Every melting transport fires me,
Every joy is in thy arms.
Those dear eyes how soft they languish,
Feel my heart with rapture beat,
Pleasures turns almost to anguish,
When the transport is so great.
Look not so divinely on me,
Celia I shall die with bliss,
Yet, yet, turn those eyes upon me,
Who'd not die a death like this.

15. The CHOICE.

A Beautiful face and a form without fault,
Are not the attractions by which I am caught,
Good nature, good sense, and an honest mind
Are perfections in woman to which I'm inclin'd.
With beauty alone 'tis in vain to engage,
For passion must cool in the winter of age,
'Tis only good humour, fair friendship and truth
That can charm us in age as they charm us in youth
The lilly and Rose with attention survey,
Like beauty their charms are as trapsient and gay,
Ye fair think of this when by vanity sway'd,
Tho' you bloom like the Rose like the Rose you must fade.
Then Venus no more your delusions employ,
Like a syren you tempt, like a syren destroy,
By reason I'm taught that in choosing a wife,
Those beauties are best which will last her for Life.

16. A New SONG.

CRuel creature can you leave me,
Can you thus ungrateful prove,
Did you court me to deceive me,
And to slight my constant love.
False ungrateful thus to woo me,
Thus to make my heart a prize,
First to ruin and undo me,
Then to scorn and tyranize.
Shall I send to heaven my prayer,
Shall I all my wrongs relate,
Shall I curse the dear betrayer,
Now alas! it is too late.
Cupid pity my condition,
Pierce this unrelenting swain,
Hear a tender maid's petition,
And restore my love again.

17. A New SONG.

YE fair possess'd of every charm,
To captivate the will,
Whose smiles can rage itself disarm,
Whose frowns at once can kill;
Say will you deign the verse to hear,
Where flattery bears no part,
An honest verse that flows sincere,
And candour from the heart.
Great is thy power, but greater yet,
Mankind it might engage,
If as ye all could make a net,
Ye all could make a cage;
Each nymph a thousand hearts may gain,
For who to beauty blind,
But to what end a prisoner make,
Unless we have strength to bind.
Attend the counsel often told,
Too often told in vain,
Learn the best art the heart to hold,
And lock the lover's chain;
Gamesters to little purpose win,
Who loose again as fast,
'Tis beauty makes the charms ensnare,
And sweetness makes it last.

18. Jemmy's Lamentation for his Nanny.

WHEN innocent pastime our pleasure did crown,
Upon a green meadow under a tree,
E'er Nanny became a fine lady in town,
How lovely and loving and bonny was she
Rouse up thy reason my beautiful Nanny,
Let no new whim take thy fancy from me
Oh! as thou art bonny, be faithful as any,
Favour thy Jemmy, favour thy Jemmy,
Favour thy Jemmy who doats upon thee.
Can the death of a linnet give Nanny the spleen,
Can loosing of trifles a heart aching be
Can lap dogs and monkies draw tears from those Ey'n,
That looks with indifference on poor

Rouſe up thy reaſon my beautiful Nanny,
Scorn to preſer a vile parrot to me,
Oh! as thou art bonny, be faithful as any,
Think on thy Jemmy who doats upon thee.
O think my dear charmer o'er ſweet hour.
That fled away ſoftly b tween hee and me
E'er ſquirrels and beaux and their fop'ry had power,
To rival my love and impoſe upon me;
Oh! as thou art bonny, be prudent as any,
Love thy own Jemmy, love thy own Jemmy
Love thy own Jemmy that doats upon thee.

19. A New SONG.

A Shepherd in cluſters crept cloſe by the grove,
To hide from the heat of the day,
And Phillis herſelf in a woodbine alcove,
Among the ſweet violets lay;
A young lamb it ſeems had been ſtole from its dam,
Betwixt Cupid and Hymen a plot,
As Damon he might, as he ſearch'd for his lamb,
Arrive at the critical ſpot.

As through the gay hedge for his lambkin he peeps,
He ſaw the fair nymph with ſurprize,
Ye gods if ſo killing the while ſhe's aſleep,
I am loſt if ſhe opens her eyes;
To tarry much longer would hazard my heart,
I'll homeward my lambkins to trace,
But in vain honeſt Damon he ſtrove to depart
For love had him nail'd to the place.

Huſh, huſh, buſy bird, what a bawling you keep,
I think you too loud on the ſpray,
Don't you ſee, fooliſh lark, that the charmer's aſleep,
You'll awake her as ſure as 'tis day,
How dares that fond butterfly to touch the ſweet maid,
Her cheeks he miſtakes for the roſe,
I'd pat him to death, if I was not afraid,
My boldneſs ſhould break her repoſe.

Then Phillis look'd up with a languiſhing ſmile,
Kind ſhepherd, ſhe ſaid, you miſtake,
I laid myſelf down for to reſt me a-while,
But truſt me I was not aſleep
The ſhepherd took courage and advanc'd with a bow,
He plac'd himſelf down by her ſide,
And managed the matters, I cannot tell how,
But yeſterday made her his bride.

20. The New Spinning Wheel.

ONE Summer's morn as Nancy ſat
Sat ſpinning in the ſhade,
The ſoaring lark forſook the air,
And warbled o'er her head;
In tender to the pidgeon's nooſe,
Love's impulſe all muſt feel,
She ſung but yet her work purſu'd,
And turn'd her ſpinning wheel.

While thus I work with rock and reel,
So life by time is ſpun,
And as goes round my ſpinning wheel,
The world goes up and down;
Some rich to-day, to morrow low,
Whilſt I no changes feel,
But get my bread by ſweat of brow,
And turn my ſpinning wheel.

From me let men and women too,
This home-ſpun leſſon learn,
Not mind what other people do,
But eat the bread they earn;
If none was fed was that to be,
But deſerves a meal,
Some ladies then as well as me,
Muſt turn the ſpinning wheel.

The Thruſh but tunes its warbling notes,
And eechoes its tuneful ſtrain,
When o'er the lawn came leaping Joan,
And brought home Nancy's ſwain;
The dame cries, Nancy, here's your ſpouſe,
Away through rock and reel,
Blythe Nancy at that blooming news,
O'erſet her ſpinning wheel.

21. SUMMER.

WHEN the trees are in bloom and their beauties are ſeen,
And the gardens look'd lovely and gay,
When nature is clad in its mantle of green,
And the birds chant their innocent lay;
When the ſhepherds retire from Phœbus's beams,
To the ſhade of the wide ſpreading oak,
To cool his perch'd throat by a murmuring ſtream,
Whilſt the ox gently looſe in their yoke.
When wanton the cattle bounds over the lawn,
And luxuriouſly roll on the graſs,
When the linen as white as the plumes of a ſwan,
Is hung on the hedge by the laſs (morn,
When the ſweet country virgin as blythe as the
With the milk pale on her head climbs the ſtile, (corn,
And the farmer with pleaſure ſurveys his green
While the promiſing crop makes him ſmile,

When

When the lads and the laſſes are met on the green,
With Colin the piper their guide, (queen,
When young Daphne or May is elected their
And her favourite ſwain by her ſide;
When Colin in dancing exerts his beſt ſkill,
'Tis roſy cheek'd Phœbe to pleaſe,
Clumſy Ralph foots it up to his maid of the mill,
While the crowd on his awkwardneſs gaze.

All hail happy ſeaſon thou wearher of love,
Thou piece of content and delight,
Thou beſt comfort of day the beſt gift from above,
Thou kindeſt indulger of life;
Heaven grant that the ſeaſon productive may
The hopes of my wiſhes to gain, (prove,
And inſpire the heart of my charmer with love,
Let all lovers now chorus Amen.

22. Totterdown Hill.

NEAR Totterdown-hill there liv'd an old pair,
It may be they dwell there ſtill,
Much riches indeed did not fall to their ſhare,
They kept a ſmall farm and a mill;
But fully content with what they had got,
They knew not of guile or of arts,
One daughter they had, and her name it was Bet,
And ſhe was the pride of their hearts.

Nut brown was her locks, her ſhape it was ſtrait,
Her eyes were as black as a ſloe, (gait,
Her teeth were milk white, ſmall ſmart was her
And as ſleek was her ſkin as a doe;
All thick were the clouds, and the rain it did pour,
No but of true blue could be ſpy'd,
A child wet and cold came and ſtood at the door,
Its mamma had loſt, and it cry'd.

Young Bet was as kind as the morning in May,
The babe ſhe hugg'd cloſe to her breaſt,
She chaſt him all o'er, he ſmil'd as he lay,
She kiſs'd him, and loll'd him to reſt.
But who do you think ſhe had got for her prize,
Why love, the ſly maſter of arts;
No ſooner he wak'd, but he dropt his diſguiſe,
And ſhew'd her his wings and his darts.

Quoth he, I am Love, but be not afraid,
Though all I make ſport at my will,
So good and ſo kind you have been my fair maid,
No harm you ſhall find from my ſkill;
My mother ne'er dealt with ſuch kindneſs by me,
A friend you ſhall find in me ſtill, (ſhe,
Take my quivers and ſhoot, and be greater than
The Venus of Totterdown hill.

23. The Rural Life.

FREE from noiſe and from ſtrife,
In a ſweet country life,
I could chuſe for to ſpend all days,
Where innocence reigns,
Flocks cover the plains
And birds ſweetly echo the lay.

So contented they live,
What joys they receive,
Though nothing but ground for their floor,
Juſt before the ſweet cot,
So delightful the ſpot,
Where a Jeſſamin grows by the door.

Early they riſe,
Tranſported with joys,
So contented their days paſs along,
And if juſtly combin'd,
With a true hearted mind,
To a wife whom all virtues belong.

Though homely their food,
Their appetites good,
Blooming health on their cheeks doth appear,
Neither envy nor pride,
With them can reſide,
But happineſs ſhine through the year.

At Sun going down,
Their work being done,
They're the happieſt people on earth;
By the oak on the green,
Each couple is ſeen,
With innocent paſtime and mirth.

When harveſt is done,
With a formal old ſong,
The jolly farmer among all the reſt,
Who will laugh, drink and ſay,
This is our holiday,
With beef and good ale of the beſt.

Let the ſtateſman deſire,
Who at court doth aſpire,
For his country's good let it be,
Truth, Juſtice, and P—t,
In the houſe always ſit,
And times will mend ſooner you'll ſee.